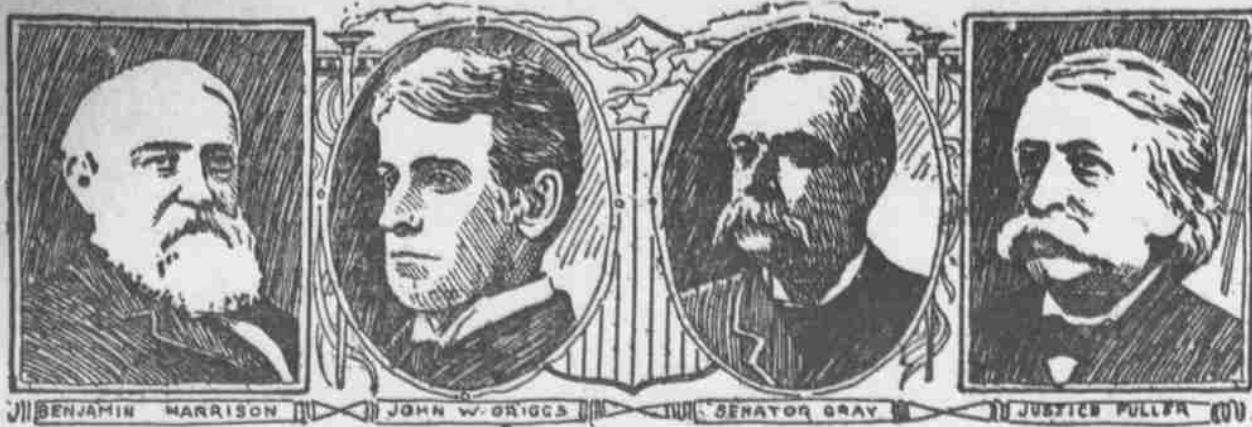


THE FOUR MEMBERS OF THE AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL BOARD OF ARBITRATION.



BENJAMIN HARRISON JOHN W. GRIGGS SENATOR GRAY JUSTICE FULLER

Benjamin Harrison, Melville W. Fuller, John W. Griggs and George Gray, the gentlemen named by the President as the members of the American International Board of Arbitration, are not only eminent citizens of the United States, but are peculiarly competent for the important work they will have to do should the peace conference at The Hague produce more than theatrical results, says a Washington correspondent of the Chicago Times-Herald. Mr. Harrison is a lawyer whose learning is not unknown to Europe. Justice Fuller, as the head of the Supreme Court of the United States, is par excellence an arbiter. He is a judge of judges, and his reputation abroad is as wide as it is good. Senator Gray is the foremost jurist of Delaware, was the member of the Spanish-American peace board at Paris in 1898, and has been mentioned for an associate judgeship of the Supreme Court. Attorney General Griggs is one of the most widely known lawyers in America.

SONG.

The sunlight on the hill, dear,
The black storm on the plain,
Be these as Fate shall will, dear—
For sunlight or for rain.
This thought alone can thrill, dear:
"We shall not meet again!"

Nay—not by any river
Or flowering field of grain—
On heights of high endeavor—
In vales of peace or pain;
One grief, dear heart, forever
"We shall not meet again!"

No world will pause to wonder:
Heedless it drifts amain,
The blue or black skies under,
With all its grace and gain.
And we, dear heart, asunder,
Never to meet again!
—Atlanta Constitution.

ABOUT A MINX.

MISS BETTY MAYNE had been back in Lindenthorpe for a week, and for a week Lindenthorpe had been shocked. Miss Mayne felt hurt. When she returned she had been homesick for the sea and the sea-board folks, left behind when her aunt carried her up to London years before, and friendliness was in her heart toward them. Instead of receiving the same, she had been met with envy and jealousy and all uncharitableness. Partly it was her fault, partly theirs. They only remembered her as the limp and scapegoat of the village, who played on the rocks all day long with bare feet, and they resented her grown-up fashionability. She could not help realizing that she was better dressed, knew more of the world, and was in many ways a hundred years ahead of Lindenthorpe.

It was Sunday that the shock of shocks occurred. To begin with, several minutes after service had begun Miss Betty Mayne walked in—almost strolled in—as cool as a cucumber and clad in the most outrageously fine dress, and stood in the entrance (instead of modestly finding herself a seat) poking away at the stones with a green parasol until Mr. Attenborough, who was church warden—the youngest church warden Lindenthorpe had ever had—rose in his Sunday best to show her to a place.

People were more disgusted than surprised when Miss Mayne, after fanning herself ostentatiously for some time, rose and stalked out of church by the front door. Such behavior was to be expected from a Minx. It was what followed that left Lindenthorpe resigned to anything short of an earthquake. Miss Mayne wandered down toward the beach in a pensive mood and took a seat on a bit of sandstone. She was a pretty sight in blue and gold, whatever Miss Griggs' opinion might be. A church warden is at liberty to differ from a Sunday schoolmistress on a question like this, and Silas Attenborough, as he walked from church down to the sea and saw the Minx on her rock, differed in toto from Miss Griggs. He felt a desire to rebuke the Minx for her conduct in church that morning, but was it wise to venture onto the rocks? He was in his Sunday clothes and not very sure of foot among slippery seaweeds. Nevertheless, his sense of duty being strong, Mr. Attenborough crossed the rubicon, and at length reached the sandstone rock. The Minx nodded to him. "I saw you in church this morning," she said.

"I see you," said Mr. Attenborough, gravely.

"It was very funny," she went on. "The very first thing I noticed was a chalk mark on your coat from leaning against the pillars—and I do believe you've got it on still."

This was hardly the conversation Mr. Attenborough had pictured to himself, and he rubbed the chalk away before replying.

"It seemed you left the church avore the sermon?"

"Dreadfully ventilated, isn't it?" she said, nodding. "I really wonder people don't get suffocated sometimes."

"It's agreeable by 't' sea here avore dinner," he remarked.

"The same as ever," she said. "All Lindenthorpe's the same as ever—the sea and the village and the folks. They might have slept and never waked since the day I left—seven years ago. Oh!"—she roused herself to sudden animation—"but I'd like to shock them!"

"Shock 'em?" said Mr. Attenborough, aghast.

"Shock you all—because I detest people who can be shocked. And if I knew for certain that I detested Lindenthorpe I'd be content to leave it and never see it again." She sank back against the rock.

"Would you now?" said Mr. Attenborough, astonished.

She nodded. "It's quite true," she said.

"I don't think I'm easy't shock," he said guardedly.

"Perhaps you're right," she said. "But," she pointed a finger toward the shore, "is that Miss Griggs over there?"

He followed the direction of her finger and saw that most of the congregation were assembled in groups about the shore.

"'Tis indeed," he groaned, "an' Mrs. Griffin and 't' whole Sunday school watching us. I think that we shud be getting back."

"Don't let me keep you," she said. "It is not keeping me. 'Tis only"—he looked about him for an excuse. "Zip me! 't' sea—"

"What do you mean?"

"'T' sea!" said Mr. Attenborough. "It's coom up—"

She sprang to her feet in great indignation.

"This comes of your talking. Why couldn't you keep your eyes open—what is to be done?"

"Could yew wade?" suggested Mr. Attenborough apologetically. He knew nothing of the rocks and what depths cut him off from the shore. Only he remembered that in old days the limp of the village knew every inch—

"Wade? In my best things?" Her scornful tone made him feel more at fault than ever.

"'P'raps they'll send us a boat," he said.

"After we're drowned?"

"'P'raps I could—take yew over to th' shore."

"See how deep it is first," she said, imperiously.

He let himself down gingerly, and the water closed over the knees of his best trousers.

"Think yew would loike to be carried?" he asked dolefully, stretching out his arms for her to hurry.

But she kept him there while she struggled to hide her laughter, and then said threateningly:

"If you drop me I shall never forgive you—"

"And if I don't drop yew?" said he.

"Lindenthorpe never will—"

"Coom!" he said. And at that she let him take her into his arms. The folks of Lindenthorpe on the beach were taking much interest in the proceedings.

"The Minx!" said Miss Griggs—"did you ever?" The church warden was splashing through pools of water, regardless of his appearance, and only careful to protect the affected burden in his arms. Most of Lindenthorpe was assembled on the shingle when he reached the uninvaded sand. Miss Betty Mayne made no motion of descent.

"Shall I set yew down here?" he asked.

"No," she said. "It's damp—I should wet my shoes. Carry me right up to the shingle."

He breathed deep, not because of her weight, which was nothing, but because of the publicity of the thing.

"Whom be I carrying?" he asked.

"Be I carrying ma sweetheart?"

"If—you will," she said, stormed by his unexpected boldness. He put her down in the middle of the assembled folks, some of whom feigned to be watching the sea. Miss Griggs happened to be the nearest, and she shook her head archly at the church warden.

"I'm shocked," she said. "We're all shocked, Mr. Attenborough."

"Are yew?" said he. "I'm—I'm sweethearted."

WILHELMINA'S WOOING.

How the Queen of Holland Met and Won Her Finace.

Some interesting particulars of Queen Wilhelmina's courtship and betrothal are supplied by the Paris correspondent of the London News. Although the Queen of the Netherlands made the acquaintance of the Grand Ducal family at Cannes, she did not, it appears, see her betrothed till she went last year to Berlin. She had heard a good deal about him from his sister-in-law, the Princess John, nee Saxe-Weimar, and daughter of the late Princess Pauline of the Netherlands, Duchess of Saxe-Weimar. The moment the Queen and Prince Henry saw each other they were

mutually impressed, and so strongly that the Queen would hear of no other suitor. She pleaded "a cold" as excuse for not attending a dinner where she was to pass in review a number of aspirants. The Queen mother, seeing this, prudently curtailed the visit to Berlin. Inquiries were in due course set on foot about Prince Henry. All the reports received about him were favorable, and the Queen arranged to have opportunities to become better acquainted with him. Instead of coming to the Exposition, she planned an excursion to Schwarzburg. Rooms were taken at an hotel in a picturesque site for the Queen, her mother and the Dowager Duchess, who was asked to be their guest.

Prince Henry was not disinclined to fall in with the little plan. He obtained a furlough to come to see his mother. He got up excursions to the show places in the principality, and accompanied the two queens in their walks, rides and drives. She was supremely happy in his company, and was sorry when it was time for the party to break up. As she was leaving, she said to the Prince: "What a happy tour! I never spent such a happy time in my life, and I feel I owe so much to you." Correspondence followed, and one fine morning the Prime Minister was summoned by the Queen to Loo. She lost no time in informing him that she was engaged, and to whom. She said she hoped the Council would give its consent to the marriage she had decided upon. The Prince of Mecklenburg belonged to the oldest house in Germany, his international situation was high, it played no part in European politics, Prince Henry could play no part in German politics, his career had been highly honorable, and he was beloved in his own family circle. "When you see him," added the Queen, "you will, I am sure, be of the opinion that I could not make a better choice, whether for myself or my people."

STRUCK TERROR TO LIONS.

Savage Beasts Were Panic-Stricken at Sight of a Strange Woman.

More animals are lost to the stage through fear than through viciousness. The show people dread a timid lion, tiger or leopard not only because in its panic it is likely to injure the trainer, but because it is unreliable and may take fright and spoil a performance at any moment from the slightest causes. An incident at the Porte St. Martin Theater in Paris has become part of the annals of the show business. The chief feature of the exhibition was a "turn" consisting of the casting of a young woman, securely bound, into a cage of lions, heralded as being the fiercest and most bloodthirsty of man eaters.

Unfortunately the woman who had the "thinking" part of the victim was taken ill and a substitute was found in the wife of one of the trainers, herself a trainer of some experience, but without any acquaintance with these particular six lions. As she was somewhat nervous, she carried a small club ready for use should occasion arise. Amid the breathless silence of the spectators, the ringmaster explained the ferocious nature of the lions and the terrible risk of the woman, and she was thrust in at the cage door. In the excitement of the occasion the door was not securely shut after her. No sooner was she fairly inside than the six monarchs of the jungle, seeing that a strange person had been forced upon them, raised a chorus of shuddering terror, bolted for the cage door, clawed it open and, with dragging tails and cringing flanks, fled out through a rear entrance and found refuge in a cellar, whence they were dislodged only after great difficulty. It was a week before the "ferocious man eaters" were sufficiently recovered from their terror to reappear in public. —McClure's Magazine.

Evolutions of the Warships.

A whole fleet in the days of Nelson could be built and fitted out at little more than the cost of a single ironclad; the coal expended on a single cruise would pay for the refitting of his whole battle line, while the immense shells required to make any impression on the modern armor plate cost more than his whole armament. But the modern line-of-battle ship could neither be built, armed nor fought without the use of steam, and its evolution may be said to have commenced with the first application of the steam engine to navigation.

You never hear of a girl these days who enters a convent because she was jilted. She begins a breach of promise suit.

ON BACK OF A BULL.

FRIGHTFUL TORTURE INFLICTED BY INDIANS.

A White Man and Woman Tied Onto the Terrified Animal, Which Was Then Turned Loose—They Were Pursued by Wolves but Rescued.

In striking contrast to the exciting experiences he underwent in his younger days is the quiet manner in which Capt. Ike Jackson, whose name is familiar all through the Southwest, is passing the evening of his life. Now he lives on his well-stocked ranch on the Pecos River in Western Texas, and, while a jolly, sociable companion, under all conditions, is at his best while recalling the incidents of his life on the frontier when the Indians were plentiful. His entertaining fund of reminiscences he is always ready to draw upon and never does he talk to an uninterested audience. One of his tales is of an exciting event which led to his marriage. As he tells it, the story is as follows:

Attacked by Indians.

"I was playing the fiddle one night at a dance in a little log cabin on the extreme frontier. There had been rumors of an Indian raid, but the people were fearless, and everybody in the neighborhood was at the dance. Suddenly an arrow whizzed through the open door and struck a young girl on the shoulder. It was followed by a shower of arrows and a few shots. Women shrieked, and the men seized their arms and began to barricade the house. I kept on playing the fiddle as if nothing had happened.

"That's right, Ike," whispered old Colonel Chrisman. "Play as if the devil was after you and I will save the women and children." I turned loose on "The Arkansas Traveler" and I made

the drunken warriors howled like incarnate devils. They cut the bull loose with us lashed to his back, and the sprang away bellowing, with blood and foam flying from his nostrils. The Indians set out after the maddened beast, raining arrows and musket balls at us. The girl swooned with terror, and I abandoned all hope. Fortunately it was late in the evening, and the frightened bull ran so fast that the drunken Indians soon lost sight of him. When I realized this all my energy and courage returned to me and I determined to make a desperate effort to save my own and the girl's life. I called Sallie and was glad to find that she had recovered her senses. Tugging with all my strength at the ropes I managed to get one hand loose. At this moment a new terror sprang up. The bull had been wounded and he was leaving a trail of blood that had been scented by a pack of wolves. The hungry beasts howled and yelped as if there were a thousand of them, and it was not long before I could hear them gnashing their teeth.

Rescued from a New Danger.

"It is likely that the bull would have fallen on the prairie from exhaustion and the wolves would have devoured us before we could have released ourselves had it not been that the bull had run back directly over the trail the Indians had made. Animal instinct led him back to the locality from which he had been taken, and he ran right into a column of settlers who were pursuing the Indians. Sallie saw the horsemen and when she began to scream her father, who was in command of the pursuing party, recognized her voice. The bull, being nearly exhausted, was easily captured.

"I don't think that I told Sallie that I loved her while we were on the back of that bull, but I did fall in love with her while the arrows were falling about us. Not long after we were married."

Centenarians Are Generally Small.

One of the most interesting and trustworthy statements in respect to old



THEY CUT THE BULL LOOSE WITH US LASHED TO HIS BACK.

the old fiddle roar. While some of the boys were popping away in the dark from the front of the cabin the old colonel managed to slip out the back way and escape into the woods with the women and children. Then I laid the fiddle down and got my gun and joined in the defense. The red devils were too many for us, and after killing four of our boys they set fire to the cabin and succeeded in capturing me as I was trying to cut my way through their lines with my bowie knife.

"They bound me hand and foot and tied me to a pony. After raiding the settlement and burning the cabins they started back toward a Lipan village on Devil River. When daylight came I was congratulating myself that the red men had not captured any of the wives or daughters of the settlers, but in a moment I heard a cry of distress and upon twisting my head around was amazed to see a beautiful young girl whom I well knew lashed to an old squaw who was riding a mustang. The Indians had found a demijohn of brandy in a cabin and it was not long before several of the warriors were drunk. They began to yell and cavort about on their ponies apparently indifferent to the likelihood that they might be overtaken at any moment by the enraged settlers. While crossing the San Gabriel prairie they circled around a herd of wild cattle and roped several of the fat animals. By this time the old chief in command was almost too drunk to ride, and they halted in a grove on the banks of San Gabriel and prepared to have a feast. We were tied to a tree, and the old squaw told us that we would be burned alive later in the day. The girl was the daughter of Colonel Munroe, a noted member of Austin's colony. I was close enough to speak to her, and I bade her to be of good cheer, telling her that our friends would be sure to rescue us soon. The Indians feasted and drank until nearly sunset, and by that time many of the warriors were furiously drunk and eager for some fiendish work. They roped a monster Mexican bull, and the old squaw said to the girl 'White face help afraid of bull. No like to ride him?'

Lashed Onto the Bull.

"The savages no sooner heard this remark than they began to yell with delight. They ran toward the girl, and three or four drunken warriors seized and dragged her to the bull. Other Indians cut me loose from the tree and forced me along by the side of the terrified girl. They threw us on the back of the bellowing beast, and lashed us securely to his body.

"By this time the whole camp was aroused and eager to witness the tortures. Squaws clapped their hands, and

age is the report on the habits of centenarians, made some years ago by a commission appointed by the British Medical Association. It seems that most of these old people were small or medium of stature and a spare habit of body; the voice was rather feeble; most of them had lost their teeth, but nearly all enjoyed good digestion, one old man of 98, a clergyman, placing his hand on the organ in question and saying that he never knew what it was to have a stomach. Nearly all of them had enjoyed uninterrupted good health, and many had never known what it was to be sick. They were all very moderate in eating, most of them using little animal food. Few indulged at all in intoxicating drinks, and those only in notable moderation. They took considerable out-door exercise, and nearly all possessed the good-natured, placid disposition.

Potatoes as Penwipers.

A certain New York hotel uses a bushel of potatoes a year for penwipers on the tables in the writing-rooms. Every morning a large potato is put in a compartment of the pen box, and after 24 hours the potato is removed and another put in. Pens in pen holders are stuck into the potato half a dozen at a time, giving it the appearance of a porcupine. It is claimed that a potato penwiper is the best preservative against rust and mildew that can be secured for the pens.

Are They Married?

In the village of Dalton Ledale, near Sunderland, England, 300 couples want to know whether they are married or not. For years they have thought they were, but the bishop of Durham declares they are not. They say the matrimonial knot was tied for a fee, and if it were not regularly done they assert that the bishop ought to have it repeated free.

Bicycles for French Postmen.

The French Postmaster General has found the use of bicycles for postmen so satisfactory that orders have been given for rural postmen, where possible, to be supplied with machines, to be paid for and kept in order by the state.

Canada's Increasing Exports.

The exports of butter, cheese, eggs, bacon, hams, mutton, pork, apples, oats, peas, wheat, flour and potatoes to Great Britain from Canada has more than doubled since 1896.

When a man commits suicide, it develops that he kissed his wife good-by before he left home. Women should not insist upon affectionate attentions in the future.

SCHOOL IS IN A CAVE.

MOST NOVEL EDUCATIONAL SEMBLY PLACE.

Pupils Occupy Seats in a Room Cavaled by Nature from a Hole in the Limestone Cliff—Cool in Summer and Warm in Winter.

A most novel building is that on banks of the Smoky Hill River, a few miles east of Kanopolis, Ellsworth County, Kan. It is known as the cave school, and is a hole in the limestone cliff, and richly serves the name. It is a huge cliff, feet high, rising sheer from the bottom lands along the river, and a few hundred feet from the banks of the stream. It was the headquarters of an old band of Indians, and the records of the cave are cut deep in the face of the still clear and sharp after long centuries of western wind and storm.

At the base of the cliff are limestone caves washed out by the waters over days and enlarged by the pees of this generation. Doors have been fixed in the openings that lead to outer air, and, of course, all the light comes from that direction.

The caves are used by the people for various purposes, but the most interesting is that of holding the district school. For this purpose has been selected a room 12 by 14 feet square with high ceilings. In one corner has been fitted up the teacher's desk, and the maps and charts are fastened to wall. The rough rocks arch over whole and the pupils are surrounded by seats that are cool and solid, with their seats and desks are placed on earthen floor. The light comes from the door, though there is at times necessity of a lamp when the sky is lowering. Day after day they sit and recite in the little school, free from the dangers of storm or flood, the cyclone and lightning are not feared in this secure retreat.

Adjoining the schoolroom is another room nearly as large, and the owner the cliff finds it a pleasant place which to spend the summer nights, temperature being far below that the outside air.

Then there is a wonderful spring bubbles out of the earth a little farther in the caves, and the owner has fitted up a milkroom, where a stream of cold water flows all the time around the crocks and pans and makes the production of the cream a profitable one. It is probably the finest milkhouse in the State, and the supply of coolness never lessened.

A huge brick fireplace has been built in the schoolroom and makes the interior cheery in the dark days of winter. The great trees outside—oak, cottonwood and box elder—hide the cave from the sun in spring and summer and make it a delightful resort.

The Paris brothers are owners of the claim on which is situated this remarkable cave and cliff, and they have fused large offers for it. Visitors come from long distances to see the formation, and there is many a picnic in summer to the vicinity.

All around are wonders of the preformation—huge umbrella rocks that stand up from the sod like great to stools; caverns wherein are vast ridges of rock salt, the mines being worked now with a small force and which are likely to be of great value some day; rock cities where there may be seen the fashions of houses and castles fantastically worked out in enduring stone and many more are found in the vicinity. One college of Kansas has entire room filled with curiosities from this section. It includes models of implements supposed to have been in when the Spaniards under Coronado came up through Kansas and found the villages that were to be the beginning of a mighty nation. Indian vessels and relics of the mound builders are common, while petrifications cannot be explained except upon the assumption of the very ancient occupation of the prairies by an intelligent race are in the collection. It is a region for the antiquarian, as well for the searcher for the odd and usual.

Some Day.

You've read in books he never read,
And sometimes flaws are in his speech,
And there is little in his head
That spectacled professors teach,
And for the things he doesn't know
You rather pity him, but oh,
Some day, my boy, you'll realize,
When from your eyes
The scales shall fall—
Then you will know your father knew
A thing or two,
After all!

His hands are big, his shoulders round,
For drudgery lends little grace;
And art within his breast has found,
Alas! but little vacant space!
In toiling, toiling up the hill
Some pleasing founts he passed, but oh,
Some day, my boy, you'll realize,
When from your eyes
The scales shall fall—
Then you will know your father knew
A thing or two,
After all!

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

Valuable Songs.

In the course of an Australian tour 1898 Mene, Alva volunteered to sing seven songs one night at Bendigo, some nuns before their going into "treat." A wealthy Australian, who recently died, has left her \$175,000 recognition of her goodness of heart well as her magnificent endowments a singer. The legacy was at the rate of \$25,000 a song.

A wise wife increases her hold on her husband by holding her tongue occasionally.

Probably the most difficult thing in the world to learn is to "know thyself."